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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Weather indications.

CHICAGO, July 25.—Light showers occurred in New England, middle Atlantic states and on the lower lakes; elsewhere fair weather has prevailed. The temperature is 5 to 15 degrees cooler in the upper lake region, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, and it shows a rise of about the same amount on the Ohio valley, middle Atlantic states and northwest states.

A storm condition is developing over the Dakotas with falling barometer and gathering clouds. Thunderstorms are probable today and tonight in the Dakotas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Minnesota, and are probable tomorrow in the middle and upper Mississippi valley and upper lake region.

Thunder showers are also probable this afternoon in Pennsylvania and New York; elsewhere fair weather is indicated.

On the lakes—On Huron and the lower lakes northwest to southwest winds are probable today and tonight, and on Michigan and Superior light variable winds, becoming fresh to brisk southeast, with thunder showers on Thursday.

The most out of date song at present is the one entitled "There's a place that is better than this."

The senate can hardly be expected to yield since that would mean its desertion of the sugar trust.

SUPERINTENDENT McCABE may discover that it is a poor ride that doesn't work both ways when Dr. Eastman gets after him.

If the armor plate stories are simply a money making scheme as Mr. Frick declares, he ought to have a great deal of sympathy with it.

Governor ALTJELD says he seldom reads the newspapers. This explains his ignorance and accounts for his continued good opinion of himself.

Mr. HILL has been able to make the senate do several other things he wanted it to; it remains to be seen whether he can obtain concessions on the tariff bill.

If any one has hitherto any doubts as to the utter incompetency of the Democratic party its futile attempts at tariff legislation have completely set them at rest.

This Republican state central committee is to be congratulated. Nearly a week has passed and it has not been called upon to undo some shrewd move of Secretary Bristol.

The loss of the Wellman party, if the report be true, is a great calamity, but it might have been for people who lived through yesterday to consider being lost on an ice floe as a misfortune.

The pay Mr. Sovereign gets for playing Ficus Achates to Debs, is the organization at the instigation of A. R. U. leaders of an order to knock out completely his Knights of Labor.

SENATOR GORMAN is advised by Senator Hill to keep away from the White House. Since Mr. Gorman's open accusation of the president of bad faith the advice is hardly necessary.

SECRETARY GRESHAM has been so busy meddling in the affairs of nations on the other side of the earth that he has had no time to pay attention to the insults Canada has offered American citizens.

SENATOR HILL's vigorous defense of the president has its good points, even with those who do not agree with him. It puts the president in no immediate necessity of writing another long letter.

The conversation that took place between Warden Chase and Judge McDonald in their quarrel at Leavenworth, is said to have been such that even Superintendent Gaines might be proud of it.

The executive committee of the Knights of Labor in Nebraska will have to be in better hands at delivering their goods than Grand Master Sovereign, or the Populists will profit very little by their support.

The meeting of Governor McKinley, ex-Governor Alger and ex-Governor Merriam in Cleveland may have had no special significance, but it is safe to presume that they didn't come together by chance nor simply to talk about the weather.

A DISPATCH says there is no truth in the report that Secretary Gresham has

apologized to the Japanese minister. As such an act would have been extremely humiliating to the United States it is strange the secretary has left it unperformed.

CONGRESSMEN are said to be in a hurry to go home. There is absolutely nothing to keep them in Washington, so why don't they go. Their absolute incompetency to effect anything has been demonstrated, so they need remain no longer on that account.

The nomination of W. B. Hornblower to be justice of the United States supreme court was backed by the president, the press and the people, and yet it will be remembered that Mr. Hill made no impassioned appeal then to have the senate yield. It makes a great deal of difference whose ox is gored.

The Kansas City (Kan.) Sun (Pop.) is opposed to state officers holding railroad passes, but its editor probably does not know that every state house official rides on a pass. Even Labor Commissioner Todd, who lost his Santa Fe pass, boasts that he doesn't have to walk, as he holds passes over other roads. The Sun says: "Todd is much better without his Santa Fe pass. No Populist could hold a pass. It may be said for Wyandotte county that prior to the legislative difficulty Senator Taylor had been offered, and had refused, a Missouri Pacific pass. If we are to talk railroad we can't carry passes in our pockets." This is not good Populist logic, however, as the members of the board of railroad assessors hold Pullman passes, reduce the palace car assessments—and denounce Pullman.

SAM WELLER.

An English Comedian Who Gave Dickens Ideas for the Character.

It would appear that the original Sam Weller of Dickens' "Pickwick Papers" fame was a certain Sam Vale, an English low comedian, who, in the earlier years of the present century, was very popular in the southern part of England. In the year 1811, and for a few years afterward, he acquired quite a musical reputation in a farce called "The Honoring House," written by Beasley. In this piece he played the part of Simon Spottishash, a person who indulged in old and whimsical sayings. "Come on, as the man said to the tight boots," "I am down on you, as the extinguisher said to the candle," "Let every one take care of himself, as the donkey said when dancing among the chickens," are fair illustrations of the witticisms in the course of that play, the resemblance between them and some of the sayings of Sam Weller being very marked.

In private life Vale was noted for his wit and many good things are credited to him. He was a man of excellent temper, had no enemies, and the good humor which pervaded all his sayings, together with the drollery of his manner, gave an enhanced value to his witticisms. His sayings were called Sam Valerisms, and on the appearance of the "Pickwick Papers," in 1836, the character of Sam Weller was generally recognized as a portrait of Vale. The comedian died in 1848 at the age of 51.

A DOG'S ACUTE EAR.

He Knows When a Particular Organ Pipe is Opened.

"Dogs have most acute ears in detecting differences in the quality of sound," said a musician lately. "I have at home a large Newfoundland which is a great lover of music. No matter in what portion of the house I may be, he always comes to me when I begin to play, lying close to the piano. I have an old organ. It is one of those instruments with many stops and but few good qualities. I think I have been able after much endeavor to distinguish two different qualities of tone in all of the long row of stops, but my dog made it apparent to me that my ears were not as acute as his."

"I play for variety upon the organ, notwithstanding its being antiquated, and my dog seems to enjoy this as much as the piano, all except one stop. Whenever I pull that out he rises to his feet suddenly and commences to growl and bark at me in a most vicious manner, sometimes biting at the organ. Now, to my ear that stop makes no difference in the sound of the organ. I have tried hard to detect the distinctive quality which aggravates the dog's nature, but without success. I have tried to fool the old fellow by commencing a tune on one stop and suddenly pulling out the obnoxious one. He never fails to notice this, although the sound to me is just the same."

Young Seals.

Young seals do not know how to swim. They have to become gradually accustomed to the water, either by entering it to paddle about for themselves or by being carried into it in the mother's jaws. They have great fear of the waves that break into foam, and, as soon as they see one approaching, they take to flight in terror, and do not turn around until they have ascended to a very high place above the sea. At the end of fifty or sixty days they unite in small bands and form a school of nation.

Value of a College Education.

"Dearest," said she, "suppose a bull should attack us while we are crossing this pasture, what would you do?" "That's an awful queer question, Mabel. You forget I was the greatest sprinter Yale ever had."

To Denver and Return.

The Santa Fe route sells round trip tickets at \$15, August 10 and 11. For particulars see ROWLEY BROS., City Passenger Agents.

SKETCH OF EUGENE V. DEBS.

Pen Picture by a Man Who Knows Him Well.

(Special Correspondence.)

CHICAGO, July 10.—Eugene Victor Debs is about as mild a mannered man as ever ordered a strike or stopped a train. He has lived about 13 months less than two score years in this world of contests, victories and defeats, and his life has been an active and exciting one all through. Still he has not the personal appearance of one who has passed through trouble and endured great nervous strains. It is true that he is almost as bald as an ivory hended walking stick—quite as bald, in fact, as the noted humorist whom he resembles so much—Bill Nye. It would be quite unorthodox to write of Debs without mentioning the twinkle similitude that exists between him and Nye, but his face is lineless and smooth, though his features are strong. His eyes look into yours with the direct frankness of a child's when he is talking with you, and it is impossible to be with him an hour without being convinced of his earnestness.

Mr. Debs is a native of Terre Haute. His father and mother are of French descent, and they gave their son Eugene the middle name of Victor because of their admiration for the great French novelist, Victor Hugo. When Eugene was born, his father was running a small grocery store, and when the lad got big enough he was set to work behind the counter during school vacations, for the family's finances were slender. The boy did not fancy the grocery business, however, and so, when he was 14 years old or thereabouts, he went to work in a railroad paintshop. He had no particular liking for the pot and the brush, but the foreman of the shop was a friend of the family, and the chance he offered was the first that came to Eugene. All the time that he was working in the shop he was looking out, as he had been when tending his father's little store, for a chance to get into some occupation that he would like better. All the time, too, he was devoting most of his evening and holiday hours to self improvement. He read all the newspapers and magazines he could get hold of, he devoured the English classics and most of the standard and current novels. When he got hold of a book that dealt with the problems con-



EUGENE V. DEBS.

stantly arising between capital and labor, he made its contents his own before he closed its covers. Yet with all his work and his reading and study he found time to devote to friendship's claims, and it is of record that of all the painters employed in the big shops while he was at work there Eugene Debs was about the most popular.

And with the addition of a term or two at a commercial college so passed away three or four years of life for the man who in 1894 was to paralyze a nation's railway traffic and cause grave fears in some quarters that rekindled civil war and revolution, with its sanguinary horrors, were to involve the republic.

Then came to Debs a chance to go for a freeman on a railroad locomotive. This opportunity he embraced with joy. He was muscular and energetic, ambitious and healthy, and he made an excellent freeman. No engineer who stood on the footboard of an engine fired by Gene Debs ever had occasion to complain of the firing, and he soon got to be known along the line as one who would surely make his mark some day. He became personally popular, too, both because he was such a good freeman and because of those genial qualities which had made him a favorite in the big paintshop. Of course he joined the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and almost equally, of course, he was sent as a delegate to its national convention. There he was quite as popular as he had been elsewhere, and the brotherhood was not very old when he was made its secretary. This position he filled to the satisfaction of everybody, and when it was decided to start a periodical that should be the organ of the brotherhood he was made its editor, practically without dissent.

Debs proved to be as good an editor as he had been freeman and brotherhood secretary. He got out so good a magazine that most firemen in the United States, whether they belonged to the brotherhood or not, besides some thousands of persons who were not and never had been firemen, felt bound to buy it every month for fear they would miss some of the good things it was sure to contain.

The circulation of The Fireman's Magazine reached the 80,000 mark some time ago, and when, somewhat more than a year since, he insisted upon giving up his place as secretary of the brotherhood the brotherhood insisted that he should remain editor of the periodical. This pleased Mr. Debs, for he saw that the magazine would be a great help to him in pushing the scheme he had been turning over in his mind for many years. This scheme has since taken the form of the American Railway union.

Mr. Debs married Miss Kate Mettzel, a Terre Haute girl of German descent, nine years ago. Mrs. Debs is wrapped up in her husband and his work.

M. I. DEXTER.

IN TENTS BY THE SEA

OCEAN GROVE THE WORLD FAMOUS METHODIST CAMP MEETING.

Much Unlike Camp Meetings of More Primitive Times and Places, It Resembles Them in the Fervor of Its Love Feasts. The New Auditorium.

A man with a fringe of white whiskers on his chin and a woman who wore prunella shoes stepped from a railroad train at Asbury Park one day in August last year and gazed about them. For 30 years they had "been to camp meeting" together. This year they had been persuaded—overpersuaded they almost felt like telling each other as they beheld the worldly sights and heard the worldly sounds of the broad station platform—by their grownup sons and daughters not to give up their week of



A TENT OF 1870

tent worship, but to enjoy it at Ocean Grove, the location of the most famous camp meeting in the world, instead of going to the meetings they had so many years attended in "Brother Fodick's woods."

They had made the journey from their inland home fully prepared, they believed, for the unexpected, but not for such a crowd of persons, to their eyes thoroughly "oiled" in dress and manner, nor for such noise and bustle, nor for the policemen that were scattered about. But after a bit they plucked up courage and took seats in one of the carryall-like stages that navigate between the station and "the Grove." The fare was 10 cents apiece, and later they learned with dismay that all but 2 cents of the 30 they expended for the transportation might have been saved by walking a half mile or thereabouts and paying a ferrage fee of a cent each across the little lake that divides "the Park" and "the Grove."

It had been their intention, on the advice of friends who knew of the arrangements for temporal comfort at Ocean Grove, to rent a furnished tent and live under canvas there, as they were wont to do at home, but when they learned that tents rent for \$1 a day, tables for 50 cents a week, chairs for 25 and other things in proportion they figured up the cost when the food should be paid for, considered the trouble of keeping house and decided to board at the hotel at which they had been set down by the stage driver and devote their time to worship and rest and decorous sightseeing.

During their first day at "the Grove" they met with but one experience at all familiar. It was repeated often during the fortnight to which their stay was extended and was furnished by the fervor of the love feasts. No other feature of these gatherings was like the love feasts they had enjoyed at home. There it was an extremely well attended love feast if 200 were present, and in such cases the feast would be held under the trees in front of the "preachers' stand." Often the attendance would not exceed a score or so, and then the gathering would be under the canvas of one of the larger of the brethren's tents. At Ocean Grove the love feasts were held in a vast auditorium, and the attendance varied from 5,000 to 7,000. The size of the building and the immensity of the throng at first quite took their breath away. At the feasts they had been accustomed to the brethren and sisters broke bread together and drank water from the same cup. Here they could do nothing of the sort because of the vastness of the assemblage, but a substitute was introduced that warmed the hearts of the visitors mightily.

"Let every brother and every sister," said the leader in loud, clear tones, "shake hands with every brother and sister within reaching distance."

Then every one stood, and there was a swaying of the multitude as if a mighty wind had swept over it. Here and there every one reached for hands, and the man with the fringe of snowy chin whiskers and the woman with prunella shoes found that, though the hands extended to them were softer than those of most of the brothers and sisters met at the love feasts at home, they were not less cordial. Above the rustling of garments and the murmur of low spoken greetings, too, were heard the familiar ejaculations of "Praise the Lord!" and "Hallelujah!" and there came from the lips of the fervid up countryman himself a soul satisfied "Amen!" as his being was permeated with the spirit of the time and place. After a little the voice of the leader, penetrating every part of the building, was heard again.

"Now shake hands with me!" he cried, and every right hand in the throng



THE NEW AUDITORIUM.

was held aloft and shaken, and exclamations of religious fervor were heard in every direction.

When the multitude sat again, the face of the good woman was wet with tears, and the lips of her husband were tremulous with ecstasy. Then followed the "testimony." There was no crying needed there, as there often had been at home, to induce the worshippers to "fill the time." The leader, on the other hand, was obliged to hasten some of those who seemed to desire to speak at

too great length so as to allow others who were waiting to say a word or two. And the singing! There was a vast difference between the spirited volume of harmony poured forth by thousands of voices properly led and the quivering notes of the few who used to gather at love feasts in the little tents at home. The same old hymns seemed to take on new and unsuspected meanings, and when the feast was over the visitors felt as if they had just dreamed a wonderful and glorious religious dream.

It is 30 years now since the pioneers of Ocean Grove pitched their first rough tents under the shade of the trees and within sight and sound of the waves that beat ceaselessly on the shore of New Jersey. They had no thought of the magnitude to which the meetings that were to follow those of that year would attain. There was no plan in their mind for the founding of a yearly camp meeting that should attain first national and then almost worldwide fame. Their only thought was that they had found a pleasant camp ground, and they built rough beds of pine boughs for their nightly rest and pitched a central tent larger than any of the others under which to hold their meetings. Logs were used for seats, and pine needles, straw and small boughs for carpeting. Every year the number of worshippers at the new camp ground grew; every year improvements were made. A regular organization was formed, streets were laid out, and now Ocean Grove is a veritable seaside city, as famous and as populous as the great seaside cities that are devoted to secular pleasures only. Long ago the tent in which the meetings were held the first year was replaced by a solidly built auditorium, and other smaller meeting places have been erected. This year a new auditorium was opened when the first meeting of the season was held. It deserves a word or two of description.

It covers nearly an acre of ground and will seat 10,000 persons. Its frame is of steel and iron, and its roof is of corrugated iron. The audience room is 210 feet long by 161 feet wide; there are galleries at the sides 189 by 40 feet in size; at the rear there is a gallery 14 by 24; and at the front a space of 137 by 15 feet is given up to the offices of the association, reception rooms, etc. The ceiling, 55 feet above the floor, is built of pine, is parabolic in shape and constructed with careful regard to acoustics. So exceptionally successful have been the efforts of the architect in this regard that a speaker can make himself heard in every part of the great chamber without audibly raising his voice.

There are 226 windows and doors; the altar rail is 98 feet long; the platform is provided with 384 folding chairs; ev-



DR. STOKES, PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

ery seat affords full view of the speaker; light in the evening is furnished by 800 incandescent electric lights fed by six miles of wire, so disposed that 400 additional lights may be added if it is thought desirable. Although this magnificent meeting place has been in daily use since July 1, it will not be formally dedicated till Aug. 6.

The camp meeting season proper will not begin until Aug. 20 and will last 10 days, but daily gatherings of many sorts have been held since July 1 and will be held after the close of the camp meeting proper. Among them may be named Ocean Grove Sunday School assembly, Christian Arbitration and Peace society, King's Daughters, Epworth league, Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church, etc. A great feature of the camp meeting season is furnished by the daily surf meetings when thousands of persons seat themselves on the sand by the ocean's edge and sing hymns to the accompaniment of the waves.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Ocean Grove association stockholders have undoubtedly made a good deal of money out of the camp ground, they still adhere to the notion of living in tents. Their tents have solid wooden floors, however, often with cottage extensions to the rear and with double walls and roofs. The streets are laid out regularly and well macadamized; there are water and gas pipes and electric light wires and all the conveniences of modern life, including hotels and many boarding houses. Those who go there need not be religious, but they must observe certain prescribed forms, and of course the religious element, particularly Methodist, predominates.

Unlike Chautauqua, Round Lake and other similar summer gatherings originally summer schools, Ocean Grove has never added educational features to its regular religious programme.

M. I. DEXTER.

Quick Death From Snake Bite.

The quickest death on record from a snake bite is reported from the Indian Territory. Annie Laura Goff, aged 5 years, left the house and went to a spring to play. She was barefooted and stepped on a rattlesnake, which sunk its fangs into the leg near the knee. The poison made such progress that the child died within 10 minutes.

Fighting a Water Bess Duel.

The hot weather duel in the alley was a wet circus. Two groups of newboys got hold of two lines of hose and tackled each other with the streams. As fast as one fellow was drowned out another fellow took the butt. There was no wild squinting done. Each fellow that held the hose had to take it. Tenderfoot 176 held out well, but getting it in his face he stooped forward and turned his face sideways. This gave Swipesy a good chance to direct his stream so as to make the water pour down Tenderfoot's back inside his shirt until it filled his pants, when Tenderfoot shuddered and let go. Small Smith grabbed his stream and took Swipesy between the eyes. And so they changed from one to another until nearly the whole crew was as wet as rats in a sewer, hair sticking out of ways and shirts and pants clinging to the little bodies. It was a well fought duel, and they had only to stand in the sun a few minutes to get dry again, as the day was an especially warm one.—Detroit News.

New Fad in Diet.

Vegetarians are outdone by a new diet reform prophet, who advocates the eating of natural uncooked foods. His name is Macdonald, and he seems to have gained a small number of adherents in Paris. It is a part of the system he advocates never to eat or drink anything but vegetable foods and natural liquids precisely in the state in which they are found in nature. Hot drinks of all kinds are specially condemned, although it is not quite easy to see how the use of water from natural hot springs would run counter to the principle laid down. Carrots and turnips, beans and potatoes, we must eat raw, it seems, if we value our health, and fruit we must eat just as nature gives it to us. Whether this means that we must not peel an apple is not stated. Mr. Macdonald himself eats raw oatmeal (not oats), which, as a Scotchman, he thinks not only extremely nourishing, but palatable as well.—London Daily News.

A Dramatic Scene.

A dramatic but solemn scene was witnessed at the dedication of a church in Utica, N. Y., a short time ago. Deacon John Schermerhorn, 77 years old, had taken great interest in raising funds for building the new edifice. He was one of the trustees of the church, and at the close of the services the pastor urged him to make a few remarks. He sang two verses of a hymn and closed thus: "I have prayed for this place a great many times. Now I see my prayer answered. Lord, let now thy servant depart in peace. Lord, Jesus, you know it is all right between thee and me." As he finished the sentence Mr. Schermerhorn dropped and immediately expired. Of course there was intense excitement in the congregation over this remarkable answer to prayer, for release from life.

A. R. U.

The American Railway Union strike has stopped the shipping of sugar from all points. Don't you think it will advance?

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1 lb. Pure Cream Baking Powder	25c
1 bottle Bluing	10c
1 sack Salt, table	10c
1 bottle Lemon Extract	10c
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